

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GARIBALDI'S quarrel with Cavour, and the caustic letter of General Cialdini to the "red shirted" hero, which must delight all friends of justice, has caused no small amusement in the political world. A reconciliation has subsequently taken place; but after what has passed, no one can believe in its sincerity or durability. The Cavourists are jealous, evidently, of Garibaldi's influence; the high military officers of the Sardinian army are jealous of his military reputation, and disgusted with his arrogance; and all, having used him for their own dirty ends, are anxious to get rid of him. The most important fact however, connected with this *imbroglio* is the assertion by General Cialdini that, but for the intervention of Sardinia and its invasion of the Kingdom of Naples, Francis II. would have easily disposed of Garibaldi and his hordes of filibusters. This conclusively confirms the assertions of the reactionary party, that the triumph of the revolution in Italy was due, not to adherence to the principle of non-intervention, but to the active, armed intervention of Sardinia. Had the former principle been adhered to, Francis II. would still be in possession of his throne, and in all probability the gallows would have been the appropriate recompense of Garibaldi and his band of filibusters.

The South of Italy is fast becoming a second La Vendee, in which, though as yet on a smaller scale, are re-enacted all the horrors of the French Revolution. The peasantry, attached to their ancient government, the noblesse or landed proprietors, irritated at the loss of their national independence, and at the sight of their country trampled upon by the foreign mercenaries of Victor Emmanuel, are everywhere rising in arms to assert their liberties, and to reconquer their freedom; whilst the clergy consecrate their banners, and invoke the blessing of the God of Armies upon their patriotic efforts. The Piedmontese are however, strong in their discipline; and affecting to treat the people whom they have conquered, as rebels, commit every kind of atrocity upon those whom the fortune of war delivers into their hands. Following the example of the Generals of the Convention towards the brave Vendeeans, they style the Neapolitan patriots, brigands; and having thus eased their consciences, and justified themselves in the eyes of the world, they shoot down their prisoners in cold blood, and give Europe another edition of the heinous *fusillades* and wholesale butcheries, which have rendered the names of Carriere and the other revolutionary leaders in La Vendee for ever infamous. Victor Emmanuel deals with the conquered Neapolitans as the Emperor of Russia deals with the discontented Poles.

The situation of the Pope has not materially changed. Rumors are constantly rife, but are as constantly contradicted, that the French troops are to be withdrawn from Rome. The *Independence Belge* publishes, and the Protestant press copies, a strange story, apparently what the French call "un canard," to the effect that the Pope is about to retire, after having named His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster as his Vicar-General pending the election of a new Pope. All the old women, from Mr. Spooner down to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, are in a state of intense excitement.

The recall of the French army of occupation from Syria disposes for the moment of the *casus belli* betwixt France and England; perhaps "the pear is not ripe," or perhaps the Emperor anticipates obstacles to his projected Russian alliance, springing out of the insurrection of the Poles, with whom the people of France generally sympathise warmly. The Parisians still continue to chuckle over the Duc D'Aumale's pamphlet, which, in spite of the Police, circulates extensively, and is universally read; a subscription has it seems been set on foot to present the writer with a gold-headed horsewhip, emblematic and commemorative of the chastisement he has inflicted upon the valorous Pion-Pion.

"The Guards die but do not surrender," is an apocryphal saying attributed to the brave soldiers of the first Empire at Waterloo; with as much of truth it may be said that "the Yankees talk but do not fight." It is not given to journalist, daily, weekly, or tri-weekly, to record the

heroic feats of tongue which the world has been called upon to admire since the commencement of hostilities in the United States. We have in English literature a "Comic History," a "Comic Grammar," a "Comic Blackstone"—we have heard that a "Comic Treatise on Justification by Faith alone" was in contemplation—but it was reserved for the Model Republic to furnish us with a "Comic Civil War," and for the people of the United States to burlesque the most serious of tragedies. Much has been written of late upon "American Humor," its origin, character and capabilities; but not Sam Slick himself could do justice to the "humor" of the Secessionists and Northern Volunteers.

It would be well however, if this could last, but we fear that the strife will soon have its tragic as well as its comic side. Blood has already been shed; not in fair fight, and in an open field, but the blood of unarmed men, of women, and children in a street row at St. Louis. On Friday, the 10th, a large body of Unionists compelled a handful of Secessionists to surrender, and proceeded to march them as prisoners towards the City. Stones were thrown, and it is said that one or two pistols were discharged by the populace upon the Volunteers; when the latter opened fire upon the crowd, killing some twenty-two persons, and wounding many more. This was bad enough, but on the succeeding day worse occurred. A number of raw Volunteers, in defence of the Union, mostly Germans, had been enrolled during the course of the day, and furnished with arms. Towards evening they were marched through the streets, when a hissing and hooting at them was commenced by the spectators; but it does not appear that any violence was actually offered, though it is said by some that a little boy discharged a little pistol at, into, or towards their ranks. Immediately, and without waiting for orders, the undisciplined volunteers commenced a regular discharge upon the people; and in their confusion, and disorganised state fired upon one another, killing four of their own number. Of the citizens many were also killed and wounded, but the numbers are not specified. This is one of the consequences of putting arms into the hands of men without discipline, and therefore incapable of that steadiness which is the first, and indeed indispensable qualification of the soldier. A strange superstition seems to obtain amongst our neighbors in this respect. They think that it is enough to put a particular dress upon a man's back, and a musket in his hand to make a soldier of him; before the end of the present troubles, they are destined to be painfully undeceived, and to see this extraordinary superstition effectually dissipated.

What that end will be no one can pretend to foresee. The South is to be thoroughly subdued, we are told by some; but we are not told how the South is to be dealt with when subdued, or how it is to be kept in a state of subjection. Victory or defeat must be alike fatal to the Union, for even victory will impose upon the successful North the task of governing the subdued South as a conquered Province, and this is incompatible with the theory of a Federal Union of sovereign States. Victory, and the subjugation of the Secessionists, would place the victors somewhat in the predicament in which the unhappy gentleman who won the elephant in the lottery found himself placed; they would have to govern the subjugated Provinces by means of Pro-Consuls appointed at Washington; they would be obliged in consequence to keep on foot a large permanent military force; and all experience, all history, from the days of Caesar to those of Louis Napoleon, show that standing armies and republican institutions are incompatible. Monarchy, either in the form of an hereditary monarchy, as in England, or of Cæsarism—that is, an elective monarchy of which the legions are the electors—as in France at the present day, as in England in the days of Cromwell—is the inevitable concomitant of a standing army. The latter form of monarchy must ultimately be the destiny of that community amongst whom the hereditary principle is not firmly established, or by whom it has been discarded, and which keeps on foot for home service a large military force.

The *Great Eastern* has arrived at New York, having made the trip across the Atlantic in nine days and thirteen hours.

The *Europa* brings dates to the 4th instant. Continental news unimportant. The British Government contemplates recognising the Southern States as belligerents.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—A Bill for establishing a maximum rate of interest has been lost by a majority of two. This of course does not affect the morality of interest, or make it lawful for the Christian to enter into usurious contracts. The legislator may declare his incompetence to regulate the rate of interest, but he cannot make that right which God has declared wrong, or exonerate his subjects from their allegiance to the higher law. Impunity of thought and act are offences beyond the reach of the arm of the civil magistrate; the political economist tells us, and it is not our business to

argue with him, that it is equally impossible to the civil magistrate to repress the sin of usury; but still, in spite of the incompetency of human law, usury will remain a sin, and impurity an offence against the Holy One. Catholics therefore would err most grievously were they to think, and to act upon the supposition, that, because the State has put no limits to the rate of interest, therefore it is morally, as well as legally, lawful to exact any amount of interest that they can extort from the necessities of their debtors.

ARE CATHOLICS NECESSARILY DISLOYAL?

—Every petty libeller must needs have his fling at Ireland and Irish Catholics. Ireland is discontented with British rule, her people murmur, and the press of Ireland breathes anything but a spirit of affection towards the English Government. So much we may concede; but that this disaffection proceeds from the teachings of the Catholic Clergy, or from the doctrines of the Catholic Church, we deny. Its cause is to be found in the injustice of Protestant legislation of the last century; in the violent confiscations of property which have transferred the ownership of the soil from the hands of its original possessors, to those of aliens in blood, in language, and in religion; and to the consequent harsh and tyrannical demeanor of these alien landlords towards the children and cultivators of the soil. These are truisms it may be said; but they are truisms which the libellers of Ireland, and of the religion of Ireland, make it a point to ignore.

How would it be with Scotland to-day, what would be the political and social condition of Scotland in the reign of Queen Victoria, if Scotland had been treated as Ireland was treated during the eighteenth century?—if her Church had been systematically plundered and persecuted; her religion proscribed by Act of Parliament, and an abhorred Episcopacy had been forced upon the people at the point of the bayonet?—Were the Covenanters then such loyal subjects in the days of the last Stuarts, so patient under the regime of a Claverhouse and a Lauderdale, as to justify the taunts of nineteenth century Protestants against the loyalty of Irish Catholics? Do the insurrections of the Western Whigs warrant the assertion that Presbyterianism is essentially disloyal, and that the Westminster Confession of Faith is the standard of rebellion? No! assuredly not. Scotland and England are one, because, as Macaulay says, their Churches are two; and had England but dealt with Ireland as it has dealt with Scotland, Dublin would be as loyal as Edinburgh, and the Catholics of Ireland would be as well affected towards the rule of Queen Victoria as are the Presbyterians of the Lothians. It is because of long years of misgovernment, because of the violent transfer of the soil to the hands of aliens, and because of the social evils thence accruing—and not because of their Catholicity, that the people of Ireland are to-day discontented, and perhaps in many instances, ready to avail themselves of the first favourable opportunity to proclaim their national independence. If hot Irish heads and warm Irish hearts look forward greedily for the hour of "England's difficulty," it is because they have long ceased to believe in "England's justice;" whilst it must also be admitted that it is no easy task for any Government to redress the wrongs which English Protestant rule has generated.

At the present day the evils of Ireland are social rather than political; and though the result in great measure of long continued iniquitous legislation, are not at once to be redressed by Acts of Parliament. The Established Church is theoretically a monster evil, without a parallel in the history of civilised communities; but the actual injury thereby inflicted upon the Catholic people of Ireland is not the immediate cause of their disaffection. It may take money from their pockets; it is an insult and an outrage; but thank God! it has not had the designed effect of robbing the Irish of their faith, or of subduing their respect for, and attachment to, the religion founded amongst their fathers by the preaching of St. Patrick. Indeed we may almost say that in one sense the Establishment has been a blessing. It has rendered the Protestant Reformation in Ireland impossible, and has thus defeated the very objects of its Parliamentary fathers.

The great evil of Ireland is a social evil. It springs from the unhealthy relations subsisting betwixt the Irish tenant, and the alien landlord, from the chronic hostility betwixt the cultivator and the legal owner of the soil; and this evil is every day assuming more gigantic and more menacing proportions, until it threatens the land, with the horrors of a social revolution. As if smitten with madness, as if doomed to destruction by the irreversible decrees of Nemesis, the landlords of Ireland seem to be doing all in their power to precipitate the catastrophe, and to provoke vengeance, sure, even if long delayed, upon their heads. Instead of endeavouring to conciliate, they seem anxious to irritate, to disgust and to repel. With the voice of indignation not only from foreigners, but from their own kith and kin, from the gentlemen of Great Britain ringing in their ears, these infuriated Irish landlords, scorning to be reminded of the

triumph "that if property has its rights, so also it has its duties," seem intent upon giving the world such another spectacle as that which France presented at the end of the last century, when the *chateaux* of the Seigneurs sent nightly forth their columns of smoke and fire to the skies, and the stately palaces of Europe's proudest aristocracy became the prey of an infuriated populace thirsting for the blood of their oppressors. Evictions follow evictions with ever increasing velocity. One landlord evicts a family; another forthwith better the example by clearing a village; and a third, invoking the aid of the "cavalry brigade," sets to work, and purges an entire district of its superfluous Celtic population. These are the rights of property, it will be said; but who can tell the wrongs of the poor peasantry thus driven from house and home, or predict to what acts of mad retaliation the victims of the exercise of these rights may not at last be aroused! How can a people thus treated be loyal? How can they, in their hunger, in their nakedness, and in their desolation, be expected to discriminate with the logical precision of the political economist, betwixt the Government under whose rule and in whose name such things are done, and the harsh acts of the individual whose rights of property the law enforces? With the cry of wife and child—a cry which reaches even to the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth—piercing his very heart, how can it be expected that the evicted Irish tenant shall settle down into the loyal and contented British subject? Here then is the secret of Irish disaffection with British rule. That rule has transferred the ownership of the soil to alien hands; betwixt these alien owners and the Celtic tenants, the cultivators of the soil, there subsist none of these feelings of mutual respect and good-will which bind together the landlords and tenants of England and Scotland—but rather suspicion and distrust on the one hand, hatred and defiance on the other. The one asserts to its utmost limits his legal right to do what he will with his own; and the other often scruples not to violate, not only the law of the land which to him is no protection, but the law of the eternal Legislator Himself. Thence violence and bloodshed; thence more evictions, and yet more wholesale clearances. Wrong begets wrong; and goaded to madness, the evicted, and those who live in hourly dread of eviction, are predisposed to listen to the voice of the political agitator, and to put trust in the words of those who assure them of redress for all their grievances, in revolution, and rebellion against the British Government.

But what has Catholicity to do with this?—How is the Catholic Church, how are the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, responsible for the disaffection of Ireland? Is it just, is it reasonable to attribute to the dogmas of Popery, that which is the immediate and inevitable result of physical suffering, of the pangs of hunger, and the importunities of famine? Not inflammatory sermons from the pulpit, nor insidious counsels in the confessional, but the clamors of a starving wife and babe, but the sight of the blasted hearth made desolate, and the blackened gable—these are what incite the revolutionary passions of an evicted peasantry, and inspire their hearts with hostility towards their rulers. But for the Romish priest, but for the influence which Catholicity still exercises over the Irish mind, Ireland would have been in a blaze of rebellion long ago; and the Clergy whom a Spooner, and a Whalley, in the British Parliament revile as the instigators and fomenters of rebellion, and whom the *Montreal Witness*—(every beast after its own kind)—stigmatises as ungrateful traitors, are by John Mitchell approached as the chief obstacle in the way of an Irish rebellion. John Mitchell knows, if any man knows, why his tentatives to rouse the people to insurrection have failed; he tells the world in querulous tones, that they have failed because of the opposition of the Romish Clergy; and yet the *Montreal Witness* has the sublime impertinence to cite with approbation a speech lately delivered by the notorious Whalley in the House of Commons against the Maynooth Grant, wherein that Clergy are calumniously denounced as preachers of sedition, who by their teachings "make the people disloyal to their sovereign, unfaithful to their fellow-citizens, and degrade them to the lowest depths of human misery." Has not this Mr. Whalley, has not then our evangelical contemporary, heard of Lord Plunket and of Partry, of Mr. Adair and the evictions of Glenveagh? Was it a Romish priest who in one day drove hundreds of men, women and children out from their father's homes to perish by the hillside, amidst the bogs and swamps, or to drag out a dreary existence in the fetid atmosphere of the Protestant Poor-House? Was it then the dogmas of Popery that degraded these poor peasants of Donegal to such "lowest depths of human misery" that they might well exclaim with Him Who for our sakes sounded all the depths and shallows of human sorrow, "the foxes have holes, and the birds have nests," but we your fellow men have not where to lay our heads?

Respectfully would we invite the *Montreal*

*Witness* to reconsider his hypothesis as to the cause of Irish suffering, and of Irish disaffection. We would remind him of what he has himself often, and truly asserted of the unchangeableness of Popery, and that it is the same to-day that it was yesterday, the same in Canada as in Ireland. Is it then a fact that the Catholic Bishops and Clergy of Canada are disaffected, preachers of sedition, and instigators to rebellion against Queen Victoria? Do they make the people of Lower Canada "disloyal to their sovereign," and "unfaithful to their fellow-citizens?" have they degraded the Catholic laity "to the lowest depths of human misery?" And yet all these things would they have done were Popery the foul thing the *Montreal Witness* asserts it to be, and were fidelity to the teachings of Catholicity incompatible with allegiance to a Protestant Sovereign. But what is the actual state of the case? This—That no where throughout her extensive dominions has Queen Victoria more truly loyal and loving subjects than amongst the Catholic Hierarchy, Clergy and laity of Lower Canada; none who more sincerely and fervently pray for her long and happy reign; none who would more cheerfully shed their heart's blood in defence of her crown, honor, and dignity. And so it would be in Ireland, had the Catholics of Ireland been dealt with justly. In loyalty, in chivalry, in every natural virtue, the Irish are, to say the least, the equals of any people upon earth. Their religion inculcates submission to the legally constituted authorities, as a duty in the supernatural order, as a duty which for God's sake the Christian is bound to render to the Sovereign; and in spite of their natural loyal and chivalrous propensities, if in spite of the supernatural teachings of their Church, and the exhortations of their spiritual pastors, the Irish are prone to disaffection, and are restless beneath the sceptre of Victoria, it is because of the violence of the oppression wherewith they have been oppressed; because, in their case, all the laws of justice, human and divine, have been trampled under foot; and because their Protestant rulers have themselves taught them the doctrine of the incompatibility of Catholicity and loyalty to a Protestant Sovereign, and have done their best to leave their Popish subjects no alternative betwixt apostacy and rebellion.

At all events here is a problem which we submit to the *Montreal Witness* for solution. If the tendency of Popery be—as he contends it is—to make Papists disloyal subjects, and to degrade them to the lowest depths of human misery, why is it that the French Canadians, and those amongst them especially who are the most sincere in their religion, are not in a state of permanent insurrection, and are not notorious for their physical and moral degradation? and if they are not, why does Popery, which is unchangeable in its teachings, produce different effects in Canada, from those which it produces in Ireland?

We find in the *Echo du Cabinet de Lecture*, of our French cotemporarys of this city, the following description of the magnificent new altar, lately erected at the St. Patrick's Church, which we translate for the benefit of our readers:

"In a Catholic country like Lower Canada, and such important cities as Montreal and Quebec, the decoration of our churches, built in the Gothic style of architecture, had not yet been completed. It is true we possessed a number of beautiful churches in imitation of the Gothic style of the XIII. century—in particular, St. Patrick's, St. James's, and St. Peter's; but until the present time the interior decorations of these buildings had not been completed according to traditional requirements.

"The Rev. Mr. Dowd, one of the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and Director of St. Patrick's congregation, understood the importance of such an undertaking; and, after appealing to the generosity of the Irish Catholics of this city, confided the decoration of his church to Messrs. Perrault, Pare, and Ouillet—three young Canadian gentlemen, who, during the past three years, have been engaged at work of the same kind under the able and experienced direction of the Abbé Philbert at the Cathedral of Toronto.

"These young men have just finished the grand altar of the St. Patrick's Church; and the following will convey some idea of that beautiful piece of workmanship.

"The altar is placed at the end of the sanctuary, which is modelled on the apsis of the XIII. century—that is to say, a semi-octagon, the sides of which are each 14 feet wide.

"The altar itself is sixty feet high and forty-one feet wide. The first part consists of the tomb, which is formed by a succession of eight niches, in each of which is a statue; the whole of this part is painted in imitation of stone, and decorated with golden ornamentation; the statues are decorated in a similar manner.

"Immediately above is the second part, composed of two steps, in which niches and arcades are neatly worked; these steps support a double tabernacle, above which is a beautiful niche for the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The principal tabernacle is formed by a double range of columns and chaplets; and on the door is the Infant Jesus with extended arms, and appearing to say—*Venite ad me omnes* (come ye all to me). This second part is accompanied by a double range of arcades similar to those of the altar tomb, all of which have their respective statues, counterforts, copes, and crosses; and immediately above is a beautiful range of steeples, pinnacles, and crosses.

"The third part consists of five large niches;